

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1880.

NO. 32.

NEWS NOTES.

—The legislature convenes at Yankton January 12.

—Alaska has a population of 600 whites and 7,000 Indians.

—The Central House and a saw mill at Wadena burned last week.

—The earnings of the North Pacific are over \$600,000 per annum greater than last year.

—Missouri elects a member to Congress in one district by a majority of two votes only.

—The failure of N. B. Harwood, Minneapolis, gives the sheriff of that County an \$8,000 fee.

—Minneapolis has contributed to replace her upper bridge, \$56,000 for an iron structure.

—The committee on territories has consented to hear the Dakota division close after the holidays.

—Gen. Butler has paid the \$120,000 deficiency in his accounts as treasurer of the home for disabled soldiers.

—John Dillon's last drunk has so disgusted his managers that he is not likely to have an appointment to appear again.

—An English woman recently married after a courtship of forty years and was left a widow within two weeks afterward.

—Eastern papers are urging Sparks to call the long-haired Texan a liar. They are anxious to chronicle a first-class funeral.

—The democrats now claim that Arthur is not eligible to the office of vice president of the United States because born in Canada.

—Prof. Tice can take the cake. He predicted the coldest weather on record during the last part of this month. It was cold surely.

—The Deadwood Times says the Homestead company will build two 200 stamp mills next spring. The yield from their mines now is \$400,000 per month.

—Gen. Schofield is charged with aiding his wife in her efforts at West Point to secure one hundred converts to the catholic faith for which she hoped to be canonized.

—There will be 147 republicans; 136 democrats and 9 greenbackers in the next national house of representatives. A quorum of republicans and a majority over all.

—President Billings says the Ashland extension of the North Pacific will be extended from Thompson Junction to Superior next year and at an early year to Ashland.

—Sherman having allowed his mouth to do considerable sharp shooting, is likely to be court-martialed for speaking disrespectfully of the president of the United States, his superior officer.

—On taking his seat in the Senate last week Mr. Conkling did not shake hands with Mr. Blaine, Mr. Bayard or Mr. Lamar. Conkling is too great a man to harbor a spirit that would lead him to act so small.

—Ed. Stevens has retired from the Minneapolis Mirror, his brother Charles II. Stevens succeeding him. Ed. has made a popular paper of the Mirror and has met with a reasonable degree of financial success.

—The Catholic priests of Richmond, Va., are doing practical temperance work. They have secured pledges from most of the Catholics engaged in the liquor trade not to sell liquor or open their places on Sunday.

—Gen. Ord feels pretty cross and thinks he was retired in order to make room for Sherman's nephew. Sherman is cross, too, fearing he will be accused of having Ord retired for that reason. Sherman, however, did all he could to prevent the retirement of Ord.

—South eastern Dakota polled in the recent election 12,942 votes; the Black Hills 4,762 and North Dakota 7,492, making a total of 28,196. The republican majority in South Eastern Dakota was 8,138; in the Black Hills 748, and in North Dakota 610, a total of 9,496.

—Schuyler Colfax declares he is not a candidate for the U. S. senate and says if he had the casting vote he would cast it for any republican named rather than for himself. That he has had more than his share of honor and would be foolish indeed to give up his present and contented life.

Shen Experience.

W. B. Shaw has learned to button his pants before facing a blizzard on horseback. Experience teaches important lessons.

New Year's Eve.

Invitations are out and arrangements made for a bon ton party to-night at the Sheridan House. Thus will the New Year be ushered in by Bismarck. A glance at the names of those having this affair in charge, is sufficient guarantee of a good time. It is to be hoped that no one will remain at home on account of receiving callers to-morrow. New Year's only comes occasionally and every one should be prepared for an extra allowance of fun.

Obituary.

Departed this life Dec. 14, 1880, at Stoneville, Michigan, Mrs. Charles Merryweather, aged 52 years. Her death was caused by an apoplectic stroke. She was taken suddenly ill on Monday the 13th, and passed away quietly at 3:45 on the afternoon of the following day. Her life was one of the brightest examples of every Christian grace and virtue. She was never happier than when engaged in the performance of some deed of kindness and charity, or some act of love and devotion to the church. The funeral was held from the Episcopal Church at Ishpeming, and her remains were followed to their last resting place by an immense multitude, the largest, perhaps, ever assembled on a like occasion in the county. "Requiescat in Pace."

A YEAR OF PROSPERITY

SUCH HAS BEEN 1880 FOR BISMARCK AND VICINITY.

More Freight and More Business than any Previous Year in the City's History—Bismarck Men Solid Financially.

RETROSPECTIVE.

The year 1880 has been a prosperous one for Bismarck. She has not boomed, mushroom-like; her growth has been steady, permanent and solid. Last December a fire swept away half of a business block and several firms were left in midwinter with inadequate places to display their goods. Dan Eisenberg had just completed the most attractive store in town which was swept away in a few moments. He had no insurance on his building, and its loss, together with damage to goods and trade, amounted to nearly \$10,000. Since then he has prospered as before, as his elegant store in Raymond's brick block suggests. D. I. Bailey lost a \$10,000 stock of hardware, no insurance, but now he has a finer stock than he had before and enjoys a good trade. These two firms were the principal losers. Messrs. L. N. Griffin, Alex. McKenzie and Thos. McGowan owned the principal buildings which were

IMMEDIATELY REBUILT.

in better shape than before. Mr. Marshall also lost heavily but his boot and shoe store is now more attractive than ever. Mr. Watson another leading dry goods man now occupies the brick store erected for him on the burned district and has had the most prosperous year of his life. Several other firms, notably Malloy Bros., John Yegen and Dunn & Co., who lost heavily by the removal of goods at the time of the fire, have wholly recovered and are among the leading firms of the city. In fact the rush of business has caused the great fire to be almost forgotten. There has been but one failure in the city, and that is attributable to either bad judgment or dishonesty. Every business man in the city has prospered, while the laboring class have had plenty to do for the ready cash. No city of Bismarck's size can boast a better year's business, and no city in the country can show a smaller mortgage record. The people of Bismarck are unincumbered. They have not rushed headlong into debt, on the excitement of a boom, but have worked cautiously and safe. For this reason, today their credit is No. 1 at St. Paul, Chicago or New York. They have not, perhaps, exhibited as good judgment as they should in the erection of substantial buildings, but another year will develop a radical change in this respect. Bismarck has done a business during the past year of

NEARLY \$2,000,000.

She has expended in improvements over \$100,000, and is to-day solid financially and can boast some of the largest and best stocks and finest buildings in the territory. The new court house is by all odds the finest structure of the kind in the territory, and would be a credit to a city of 100,000 inhabitants. During the year a fine Methodist church has been built at a cost of over \$5,000 and several large business houses and numerous residences. As evidence of the business prosperity of the city there is not a vacant house, and it is almost impossible to rent houses. The hotels are all doing a flourishing business and each one has made a neat little sum for its owner.

THE COUNTY

has received a goodly number of immigrants and the prospect for 1881 is indeed encouraging. The fact that Burleigh county is a superior wheat raising district has been well established, as no where in the territory has there been a larger average yield, (twenty-two bushels per acre.) The new four-story six run-of-stone flouring mill, one of the largest in the territory, is doing much in the way of influencing immigrants, as it pays more for wheat than could be obtained at any other point. It has also been clearly demonstrated by the signal service that the rainfall in this section is amply abundant to produce any kind of crops, and the display of cereals and vegetables at the Minneapolis fair but substantiates the fact.

FREIGHTING BUSINESS.

Bismarck has always been a prominent shipping point. Her location has established it as the distributing point for both government and private freight for the whole northwest, and her river business has been simply enormous. The North Pacific railroad has been obliged to extend its side-tracks, build additional round houses, etc., during the past year and has figured as a prominent motor in the commercial prosperity of the city. During the past year the North Pacific has unloaded at Bismarck 79,797,898 pounds of freight, divided into months as follows: January, 5,014,987; February, 720,112; March, 1,831,690; April, 1,698,556; May, 14,885,892; June, 12,165,453; July, 10,276,741; August, 6,970,277; September, 3,812,491; October, 7,861,323; November, 3,824,745; December, 1,865,771. Total, 79,797,898 pounds. The freight bound for the extension is included in the first six figures, but aside from this the above figures represent the government and private freight shipped to this point during 1880. The handling of this vast amount of freight annually, makes the Bismarck office the most important on the line, and requires an agent of more than ordinary executive ability—a fitting compliment to Mr. Davidson, who has so long held the responsible position. THE RIVER BUSINESS FOR THE SEASON has been large and the shipments of pri-

vate freight greatly exceeds last year's figures. The Coulson line had the government contract last year and also carried 2,800,000 pounds of private freight, from Bismarck to points in Montana. The Benton line carried 3,350,000 pounds, and the Baker line, 3,140,000 pounds, an aggregate of 9,290,000 pounds. This year the Baker line carried to points above, from Bismarck, 1,144,106 pounds of private freight; the Coulson line, 4,739,365 pounds; the Yellowstone line, 3,151,525 pounds and the Benton line, 6,182,150 pounds. The Benton, Peck and Yellowstone line, combined, formed the government contract line this season and carried from Bismarck to points above, 9,995,369 of government freight. The shipment of government freight from this point was somewhat less than last season, but the shipment from below was greater, making the aggregate more than last year. It will be observed by the above figures that there has been 25,212,515 pounds of freight shipped from Bismarck, by river, this year to points above. In addition to the above business there has been shipped from below this season about 12,000,000 pounds of government and private freight, making the grand total of river business done from Bismarck and through Bismarck to points above, 35,212,275 pounds, or, nearly 500,000 pounds more than last season.

THE BOATS.

The following boats have been engaged in river traffic at and above Bismarck this season:

Coulson Line—Western, Key West, Josephine, Rose Bud, Big Horn and Black Hills.

Baker Line—Red Cloud.

Benton Line—Benton, Helena and Butte.

Peck Line—Nellie Peck, C. K. Peck, Gen. Terry, Pennah, Gen. Meade, Pontenelle and Far West.

Yellowstone Line—F. Y. Batchelor.

The last three lines, combined, formed the contract line. In addition to the above boats there are the Eclipse, Minnie II., government steamer G. C. Sherman, and the transfers Northern Pacific and Union.

BOOMS AT VARIOUS POINTS.

In a review of the business of the U. S. Land Office for the past year, there are some suggestive points. The business has been greater than any previous year, and the general inquiry for public lands larger. That part of the district lying in Stutsman, ranges 67 and 68, has not been overrun with settlements, but there is hope in the farm of James Dunn and the quiet gossip of a bonanza wheat field in his immediate vicinity. At Crystal Springs there has been little development beyond the taking of a tree claim by Judge Bennett. It was rumored that a colony would apply for admission to that range. At thirteenth siding there has been a small boom. The town site of Dawson, founded by J. Dawson Thompson, of Philadelphia, was the cause of this welcome trouble that attracted a number of settlers and one purchaser, Dr. Wm. J. Calvert, of Michigan, in the town site, at the modest rate of \$35 per acre. Mr. Calvert also took a tree claim, and expects to take up a homestead in the spring. He will boom both country and town. Mr. Thompson reports a big Pennsylvania immigration to his favorite spot next year. He purchased three sections from ex-President Wright, of the North Pacific, and has that gentleman's moral influence at his back.

DAWSON.

George P. Sanford, William B. Martin and Robert J. Frost, splendid types of the intelligent Michigananders, have taken homesteads and tree claims near Dawson; also John N. Brundage and H. B. Philcox, of Wisconsin. Three of these men are newspaper men. They will be out early in the spring with their families. S. Edward Kepler and James H. Michener, of Fargo, have taken pre-emption and tree claims north of Dawson. Sanford Hoff, of Itasca, N. Y., has laid out a homestead and tree claim near Steele's farm. He will buy a section or two from the speculators and open up a wheat farm as a stand-off to Steele's. He is a well-to-do lumberman of Itasca. North of Steele's, Judge Mercer of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, has a tree claim. P. W. Comford is successfully contesting a valuable quarter near Steele's, claimed by George Watson Smith, of Chicago, but not improved. Steele's

THIRTY-SIX BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

is sufficient proof that the Missouri slope is productive. He is selling it in Minneapolis for \$1.95 per bushel. Boss wheat, Boss price. At fifteenth siding there has been a tree claim and a soldier's homestead placed. As there is a fine country north of fifteenth, there will be a boom strike at that point. The same may be said of sixteenth, where a St. Louis man, Henry H. Verne (banker), and an Indianapolis man, A. D. Cole (lawyer), took tree claims, probably, on speculation. Frank Semple, one of the Pittsburgh syndicate who own 134 sections of North Pacific land, has started a farm northeast of seventeenth, and put his brother-in-law, Mr. Wilcox, in charge. North of him, W. H. Thurston and Wm. Pennell have taken homesteads and propose to break the same all up next season. The townships north and south of the big slough are best-class. The townships north and south of Clarke farm are going rapidly, and the non-resident wants \$3 to \$6 an acre for his lucky possessions. The claims north and south of Bismarck have been in demand.

THE APPLE CREEK VALLEY

is also a favored region. Among those who have recently taken tree claims are Dr. Henry W. Coe, of Mandan, south of his town; Alfred E. Taylor, roadmaster, near Alsop; George W. Harmon, Wm. E. Cahill, P. R. Barrett, Levi Eisenberg, Louis H. Kiehl, of St. Paul, D. A. T. Bigelow, John A. Stovel, D. W. Maratta, E. A. Schiffer, Cyrus Cramer, R. B. Thurston and Geo. P. Flannery. The homesteads are running up faster than they were accustomed to, as the law now gives the parties the right to pay for their land if they so elect, after six months' residence and cultivation. A man can hold or pay for his homestead, as his circumstances will permit. The homestead is the popular act and the best for both settler and country.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

DIVISION OF DAKOTA ON THE SEVENTH STANDARD.

The Grand Jury's Report—Enthusiastic Meeting at Jamestown—Fargo Citizens Committee Report.

GRAND JURY'S REPORT.

The grand jury at its recent session at Fargo made a report recommending the division of Dakota on the seventh standard parallel. They urge this division line on the ground that it would not interfere with county or township lines, and for other reasons.

The United States of America, Territory of Dakota, Third Judicial District, December Term, 1880.

We, the grand jury of said court, having been duly empaneled, sworn in and charged, in session this 20th day of December, A. D. 1880, respectfully present to said court as follows:

First—That your grand jury having been summoned from all portions of northern Dakota, which comprises the Third judicial district of said Territory, may consequently be considered as a representative body, and in that capacity present that it is the almost unanimous opinion of the citizens of said district that the territory is too large for economical or satisfactory government, and their earnest wish that it be separated from that portion of the Territory lying south of the seventh standard parallel and erected into a separate government—said dividing line being suggested on account of its not interfering with or intersecting any counties or townships in the present system of surveys and would give to said district a tract of fertile land larger than the state of New York, to-wit 75,000 square miles, capable of sustaining many millions of an agricultural and manufacturing community, with an invigorating and healthy climate, and a soil better adapted to raising wheat and other cereals than any other part of the great northwestern wheat zone; in fact, it has all the physical features to make it, in the near future, a wealthy, populous and prosperous state.

Second—The climate and soil of northern Dakota differ materially from those of the southern portion of the Territory, the former being more eminently adapted to the growth of wheat and the smaller grains; the latter to grazing and other kindred pursuits. They are separated by a large tract of unsettled country, mostly Indian lands crossed only by Indian trails and cart tracks. The people of the two sections have little or no interests in common. They have no social or mercantile relations, nor should they be forced together politically. The southern sections find markets in Chicago and St. Louis, their outlet being east and south, the northern finds an immediate market in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and has a shipping port at Duluth. As matters now stand it is easier and less expensive to reach the capital of the United States than that of the Territory.

Third—The rapidly increasing growth of northern Dakota makes it reasonable to suppose that it will soon ask for admission into the Union as a State, and it is considered to take immediate steps for the establishment of prisons, asylums, educational and reformatory institutions, and save the enormous expense now incurred in sending our convicts, unfortunate, and children for a higher education to the states, as we are now forced to do. The time has come when the hardy, thrifty and intelligent citizens of northern Dakota should be allowed to frame their own laws and to lay the foundations of these educational and charitable institutions which are the pride of the American people and the envy of the civilized world, and not be subservient or checked in these praiseworthy aspirations to a more densely settled portion of the Territory, with which they have no social, business or political sympathies.

Fourth—We present the following statistics as an additional argument in favor of separate government, showing that northern Dakota has all the facilities necessary for its own management, and to ensure prosperity. It has 1,400 miles of navigable and navigated streams; 500 miles of railroad in operation, with others being rapidly constructed; about 40,000 inhabitants; 3,882,347 acres of government land have been entered in the land offices at Fargo, Bismarck and Grand Forks since their establishment, in addition to the large quantities of railroad lands which have been sold. Our grand trunk line of railroad—the Northern Pacific—passes through the Territory from east to west, north of the proposed dividing line. Other lines are reaching south and into the Territory from the south and east, to share in the rapidly increasing traffic, resulting from its immense production of wheat and other grains.

Fifth—That the citizens of that portion lying north of the seventh standard parallel, have no desire for admission as a state at present, they being satisfied with the present form of Territorial government and the efficiency and integrity of the federal appointees.

Sixth—That any arbitrary legislation erecting the whole Territory into a State or dividing it on any other line than that indicated, or giving any other name than that of North Dakota, would, besides being contrary to the spirit of Republican legislation which is and should be made by the people and for the people, who are arbiters of their own destiny, cause great dissatisfaction. The name of North Dakota is suggested, as the name of Dakota is so well known throughout the world as a country wonderfully fertile and peculiarly adapted to the raising of immense crops of wheat and other grain, that any other name might lead to divert or check immigration, which is now constantly pouring in from all parts of the world. Finally, your grand jury would respectfully request that a certified copy of this presentment, under the seal of the court, be forwarded to the Hon. G. G. Bennett, Territorial delegate to Congress,

with a view to strengthen his hands in any legislation he may ask for in the premises. Signed: Geo. H. Ellsbury, J. W. Morrow, T. J. Wilder, Valentine Schreck, R. H. Wood, Willoughby Clark, Peter Wilson, J. S. Plants, Ed. G. Ohmer, Jacob Lowell, Sr. E. V. McKnight, A. W. Edwards, W. E. Rolph, Jas. R. Winslow, J. C. White, P. V. M. Raymond, G. H. Sanborn, Grand Jurors. H. J. CAMPBELL, United States Attorney.

REPORT OF CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed at the citizen's meeting at Fargo, consisting of ex-Governor Horace Austin, Col. C. A. Lounsbury, of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, and Dr. J. B. Hall, of the Fargo Republican, reported as follows:

The citizens of North Dakota ask for the division of Dakota on the 7th standard parallel, and the creation of a new territory from the northern part thereof for the following reasons:

First. The great extent of the territory being larger than the great states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, combined; division giving to each section more square miles than is embraced in any state in the Union save Texas, California, Colorado, Nevada and Nebraska.

Second. The fact that the two sections have no common interests and no common sympathies. There is an unsettled country lying between the two sections largely covered by Indian and military reservations. There are no lines of travel connecting the two save an Indian and military trail leading down the Missouri river, and it is easier and less expensive in time and money for the people of North Dakota to reach the city of Washington than to reach the present capital of said territory.

The trade of the northern section of Dakota passes eastward over lines of road leading to Duluth, St. Paul and Milwaukee, while that of the southern portion passes by southern lines to Chicago and St. Louis, therefore the people of the two sections seldom meet and it is difficult and expensive to bring them together in business, political or social connections, and there can never be that feeling of harmony which ought to exist between the several portions of a great state.

Third. Both sections of Dakota will soon ask admission as states and both are improving so rapidly that the foundations in each should at once be laid for their public institutions. Prisons and asylums should at once be provided, saving the enormous expense now incurred in reaching those other states on which our people are now forced to rely. The people of the north ought not to be burdened by the care of the unfortunate of the southern portion nor ought the southern portion be taxed to care for those of the north. The time has come when each section should be allowed to lay foundations and build as they can the institutions they so much need, and when each should be permitted to form legislation adapted to their particular people and peculiar interests; so each section should be given a government to direct, encourage and protect it, and it does seem that no interests of the government of the United States can longer be served by holding together these two sections.

The development and settlement of Dakota is so rapid that North Dakota now has a greater population than the state of Nevada, while South Dakota has a greater population than Colorado had at the time of her admission to the Union.

North Dakota, for which we ask a separate government, had in June last about 35,500 people, and has since then wonderfully increased in population by immigration from other states. It has 500 miles of constructed railway and 1400 miles of navigable waters 3,882,347 acres of public lands have been entered at the several land offices in the proposed new territory not to speak of the immense farms which have made the country famous, opened on railroad lands. Hundreds of farms have been opened on these lands and along the line of the road. They are as generally occupied as the government land.

That portion of Dakota lying north of the 7th standard parallel would give a territory larger than New York and all of New England excepting a part of Maine, rich in all of the elements required to make a great state. The soil is deep and rich with a far less percentage of waste land than is found in Southern Michigan or any other state in the Union. It is well watered and considerable bodies of timber are found along the streams; and in the western portion countless bodies of coal. The North Pacific railroad crosses it from east to west and other lines of road are reaching up from the southeast, and in the whole territory there is scarcely an acre of land not adapted to wheat culture or grazing.

The division proposed gives to each section about 75,000 square miles. The north is essentially a grain and stock growing region differing from the south in its pursuits and interests, seeking different markets and desiring different legislation.

They conclude by asking that in case of division the northern portion be styled North Dakota.

JAMESTOWN'S DIVISION MEETING.

At the meeting held in Jamestown last Wednesday evening, Dec. 22, for the purpose of giving expression to public sentiment on the subject of division of the southern portion as a state, the following business was transacted:

The following resolutions were read and adopted:

WHEREAS, A bill is now pending before Congress, looking to the division of the Territory of Dakota, and the admission of the southern portion as a state, and

WHEREAS, This meeting has been called for the purpose of giving expression to the views of the people of Stutsman county, and

WHEREAS, That portion of Dakota south of the 46th parallel has now a population of more than 100,000 souls with agricultural, manufacturing, commercial and mining industries in an advanced stage of development, and

WHEREAS, The people and interests of Southern Dakota are separated from us by an undeveloped wilderness nearly two

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

TELEGRAPH TO TRIBUNE

NEWS GORBBLED FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

The Fiercest Storm ever known Sweeping over the Country—Interesting Washington Gossip—Conkling Quits.

(Special Dispatch to the Tribune.)

THE STORM.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 31.—The last blizzard took in the whole country and even made the south solid with the north. Ice and snow is prevalent as far south as the Mexican border. In the eastern states the storm has not yet abated and travel has been more or less interrupted on eastern trunk lines. The severe cold has resulted in a large number of fatal freezings. The hospitals in New York are crowded with patients.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—It is said that President Hayes had decided not to appoint Howard to West Point but was braced up by a strong pressure from the stalwarts. President Hayes' chance in the New York offices aroused the greatest indignation among the "machine" politicians. It is stated on authority that Garfield does not wish to antagonize Conkling but don't propose to allow himself to be placed in the same position that Hayes was by that senator and have the whole of the federal patronage of New York used against him. It is rumored that Conkling will have nothing further to do with the New York senatorship. He has got himself into an embarrassing position by promises he is unable to fulfill to his various lieutenants and is going to decline to do anything more in the matter. Rumor again prevails that Blaine will be tendered the state portfolio.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—Patrick Hennelly has been arrested in Devary, Ireland, for the murder of Lord Mount Morris. The attorney general devoted the whole of two days in a speech against Irish traversers.

SWALLOWED UP.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—The dyke between Nienwyk and Poiffner, Holland, burst, yesterday, and the sea has inundated eighteen villages, doing immense damage.

OFF FOR PANAMA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The first party of laborers on the Panama canal, will start January fifth from France.

RIGHT OF WAY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The Brides and Yanktonians agreed yesterday to sign a treaty allowing railroads right of way through their reservations. The price agreed on is five dollars per acre for land at terminal points, and four for intermediate stations, and one hundred and ten dollars per mile for roadway, substantial by the offer first made by the roads. The Sans Arcs, Minneconjous and Two Kettle bands are expected to agree to the same settlement. The Cheyennes and Lower Brule chiefs sent word they were too tired to talk yesterday but would talk today.

NEW YEAR'S CALLERS.

List of those who will receive them to-morrow.

The weather to-morrow promises to be fair and a goodly number of people have signified their intention to make calls. The following is a complete list of those who will receive as THE TRIBUNE has been able to compile: Mrs. W. B. Bell and Mrs. Clausen, assisted by Miss Clausen and Miss Wilkie at the residence of W. B. Bell.

Mrs. O. S. Goff assisted by Mrs. J. S. Plants at the residence of O. S. Goff.

Mrs. G. H. Fairchild, assisted by Mrs. H. R. Porter, Mrs. E. Ford and Mrs. Joshua at the residence of G. H. Fairchild.

Mrs. R. R. Marsh, assisted by Mrs. J. D. Wakeman at the residence of R. R. Marsh.

Mrs. J. P. Dunn, assisted by Mrs. F. A. McCreary and Miss Jessie Mason at the residence of J. P. Dunn, from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

Mrs. W. A. Hollenback, assisted by Mrs. Justus Bragg and Mrs. Thomas Van Etten at the residence of W. A. Hollenback, from 3 p. m. to 6 p. m.

Mrs. John Davidson and daughter at their residence, from 1 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Mrs. E. J. Call, assisted by Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Stevens and Miss Green at the residence of E. J. Call.

Mrs. J. H. Marshall, assisted by Miss Nellie McDonald at the residence of J. H. Marshall.

Mrs. C. A. Lounsbury and daughter, assisted by Mrs. W. A. Bentley and daughters at the residence of C. A. Lounsbury.

Mrs. G. P. Flannery too ill to receive.

Bereaved.

Last week as the working train on the extension was moving along unloading snow fences, one of the projecting boards struck a section boss named Martin Conlin, in such a manner as to nearly sever the head from the body. Mr. Conlin was an old employee of the road, a former resident of Minnesota, and a gentleman well liked by his associates.

New Year's Cards.

Those wishing New Year Cards printed this evening or as late as tomorrow morning will be accommodated by Mr. Jewett who has just received an elegant assortment of the latest styles from Chicago.

Oranges, Peas and Malaga Grapes for New Years at Bragg's.

IMPERFECT PAGE

SANTA CLAUS.

Harper's Weekly, the current number, has a Christmas poem descriptive of a cartoon, which represents Santa Claus sitting on a chimney in deep snow and waiting for the children to get to sleep. It is one of Nast's best drawings. The poem is as follows:

Ho! ho! my fleet courier! I've brought
me too soon,
Through the sharp, frosty air, 'neath the clear
shining moon,
From the far north, where securely I
dwell,
And keep men aloof with my grim ice spell!
Ha! ha! For long ages they've striven in
vain
To break through the wall of my chosen do-
main;
To wrest my ice-fields from my ancient con-
trol,
And tear down my banner that floats from the
pole!

The step of a mortal would shatter the spell;
So against the invader I guard myself well,
Lest, driven from earth, I must hide my gray
head
Where my kindred, the gay fairy people, have
 fled.

Alas for the spirits of innocent mirth,
Long driven from meadow, from grove, and
from hearth,
The gay fairy people of earth's merry frozen
clime
But I still reign secure in my own prime
clime

Yet I could not but sigh as my deer sped me
O'er the snow-covered tomb of heroic Sir
John,
And a solemn moisture came into my eyes
As I passed where brave Hall in his lonely
grave lies.

Ah, well! 'Twas their fate to be heroes and
die;
'Tis the price mortals pay for fame lasting
and high;
But the glory and honor that's most to my
mind
Is to be in the hearts of the children en-
shrined.

What! not yet asleep? No, their voices I
hear;
How little they guess their old friend is so
near?
I hope they won't keep me cooped here half
the night,
For I have a long journey to make before
light

I had never to wait in the old-fashioned days,
Before the people put on these new-fangled
ways,
When the children were pillowed by daylight's
decline,
And the household was wrapped in sound
slumber by nine.

And then down the wide-throated chimney I'd
slip,
With my knapsack in hand, never fearing a
trip,
Nor dreaming to stick in some narrow,
mouthed flue,
And break half my presents before I got
through.

But through the great fire-place step into the
room,
Where the still glowing embers half-lighted
the gloom,
And all the stockings that hung by the
fire
With the knick-knacks and goodies that
young hearts desire.

And I mind me of times under old heathen
rule
When the flames leaped and roared from the
hearth-logs of Yule,
When peasants in homespun and knights in
bright mail
Pledged each other in great foaming flagons
of ale;

When the bear's head was brought in with
piping and song,
And the feasting and merriment waxed loud
and long,
And the lowly and noble for once in the year
Side by side ate and drank round the board
of good cheer.

But hark!—Yes, below it grows quiet at last;
The children are silent and slumbering fast;
I must hasten—'Good gracious'! I, too, grow-
ing old!—
My legs are quite stiff, sitting still in the cold

This will never answer. Each dear little
head
When Christmas eve comes should press early
the bed.
So down through the chimney, then up and
away,
To give all the children a bright Christmas
day!

LOST AND FOUND.

A Christmas Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE WANDERING WOMAN.

Would it never cease? we asked, as we sat looking out from the window, and watched the big, feathery flakes. Driven here and there in wild swirls and eddies, by the wind, "thick as the motes that people the sunbeams," the snow came down, obscuring the air, obliterating the ways, blurring the sharp outline of the trees, and muffling all the sounds of outdoor life. For nearly a week there had been sharp frost. The ice had rung with the healthy music of the skates. And then, without the frost breaking up, the snow had begun to fall on Sunday night; it had snowed all day on Monday, all Monday night, and now, after breakfast on Tuesday morning, it was snowing as hard as ever. "Would it never cease?" we asked.

It was but eleven o'clock, and the train was not due at Thornley till three. It was calculated that if the road was passable at all, an hour would surely be enough for the three miles' drive. So till two o'clock there was no event to fill up the time save lunch; at least there was no event that we knew of.

By-and-by, old Margaret came in and said there was a poor woman in the kitchen whom she thought the dog "Fury" had frightened out of her wits because she could not speak a word she—Margaret—could understand. Some two or three of us went to see our strange visitor.

We soon found that she was no more mad than we were, only well nigh in despair, and exhausted. She could not speak one word of English, and we found our little stock of French, so neglected as it was, very inadequate for conversing with her in her own tongue. It was enough for her, however, that at last she had actually seen one who had heard of France, and who knew there was such a language as the French.

The poor woman's tale was this: Her husband was dead. Her two little girls were just old enough to work at the straw-plaiting, but not old enough to walk all day with her in this terrible weather. Her money had been just enough to pay their fare from Birmingham to Dunstable, and she had sent them off by rail that morning. At Dunstable they would find a good Frenchwoman who would take care of them. But she herself had not money enough to ride, so had set out to walk from Birmingham to Dunstable, a distance of some hundred miles, for which walk she had allowed herself three days. And now

this morning, to begin with, she found she had got four miles out of her way. She could find no one to put her right, the snow was preventing her from walking at half the pace she had hoped to walk, and she could not in any way get to her work at the time she had promised to be there. She was a strong, coarse-featured woman; evidently very poor, and not at all sentimental. But she did not beg, either directly or indirectly. She was evidently careful to avoid it. She warmed herself by the fire, but when pressed also to sit down and eat, she said no, with many thanks, and begged us to direct her on her way as well as we could, which we did.

Before she went she took out her little before-worn purse and counted her small capital. She asked us what we thought might be the railway fare from Banbury to Leighton, and we told her as near as we could guess. Then she shut her purse and shook her head in a way that said she must walk it all. But being pressed to take some little help to make up the fare for this part of the journey, she took it—not without reluctance. Only once her courage seemed to fail her. When my sister's little boy, a rosy little fellow, eighteen months old, suddenly began crying to go to her, she took him into her arms, kissed him, and cried over him, thinking, no doubt, of her own little ones and their loneliness at this happy Christmas time.

CHAPTER II.

POOR BERTIE.

If Kitty had not been the very best little mare that ever drew a wagon behind her, she never would have got to Thornley station. It had given up snowing and the sun was shining a little. So, as we thought there would be room enough, coming back, I was tempted to brave the weather and go down with Sam to meet the train.

For thirty years there had been no such snow-storm known in this part of the country. As we drove along—if I should not rather call it plowing—the corn ricks showed like so many tumuli. Even the highest hedgerows could only be traced as long, sharp ridges, for the snow had drifted against them till all was buried save here and there a tree. There was a mile of common land, newly enclosed, which we had to cross, and here where all was level, and the fences were low, it was simply one great stretch of white, where to keep the road was no easy matter.

Thanks mainly to the necessity of running extra trains at Christmas time, our branch line had with great difficulty been kept open. The trains were running, and the train for which we had to wait was not more than a quarter of an hour late.

Long before we saw them we could hear our young folks. They were chafing the station master, advising him to "Go to Jericho," to "jump up," and to do other things which certainly form no part of a station master's ordinary duties.

Driving home was hardly any easier task than driving out had been. For though we certainly had our own track to drive back upon, there was the added weight of five new passengers, which even to Kitty was no joke on such a day as this. The boys, however, declared it splendid, and the more likelihood there was of our sticking fast, the more splendid they declared it, the more glad they were to jump out behind, and, under pretence of pushing the wagon, roll each other in the snow, and put snow balls down each other's backs. On our way home we met two or three other vehicles, and at all cross roads could see that heavy as had been the snow, it had not been heavy enough to keep people indoors who had the excuse of hospitality for going out.

Home at last, just as the shades of night were falling rapidly, and just as the firelight began to redden the window panes. Then the bustle of hand-shaking, kissing, uncoating, and finger-warming. Then the first general inquiries about school, and lessons, and prizes, about skating and sliding, about home and home friends. All these things were over, and the lads were sitting or standing round the fire, while Helen and I were busy with our decorations, twisting wreaths of holly round the pictures and mirrors, and pricking our fingers till they bled in doing so. Suddenly Frank called out to Helen: "But, aunt, where's Bertie? I have not seen him."

"Oh, he's asleep," said Helen; "you'll see him and hear him too by-and-by." Then, as if reminded by this, she left her holly-wreaths and ran upstairs to see if all the recent noise had not waked him. In a minute she was down again, and said: "He's not in his cot; some of them have got him in the kitchen; run, Frank, and fetch him."

Soon Frank was back again, and back without the baby. Then the mother began to run about the house searching, and to grow uneasy. One of the maids, however, had been sent some half-hour ago to a neighbor's, and was expected back directly. It was presumed, though no one had seen her take him, that she had the baby with her. In a few minutes she came in—and knew nothing of baby Bertie.

Baby Bertie was eighteen months old, and had just discontinued crawling and taken to walking. His little feet were for ever pattering from room to room. His little hands were for ever laying hold of friendly skirts and coat-tails. His little legs were for ever carrying him slowly up stairs and tumbling him down again, with just greater rapidity. Bertie, in short, had just got to that age that when in sight he was in everybody's way, and when out of sight he was a cause of constant terror lest he should come to mischief. It was only when he was asleep that he was considered safe, and that his nurse-maid dared to turn her eyes from him. And now he had effectually given her and all of us the slip. At first, of course, we all of us, except Helen, made light of the missing baby, being sure enough that he would be found in some ridiculously safe corner. It is a large house, with many a spare room and closet in which a child could hide, and it took us some time to look through them all. But through them all we looked not once, nor twice, but many times, without finding a trace of him. Then, through the barns, the cow-houses, the stables, the very pig sties, and every out-office of the place we went with lanterns and candles, seeking Bertie and finding him not, calling Bertie and getting no answer.

Then we set ourselves to search outside the gates, holding our lanterns carefully to the ground, and all at once in the deep clean snow we saw the print of little feet amongst larger feet. Away down the road we followed them, always tracing them easily amongst men's feet and horse's feet for full two hundred yards away from the house. There we found the mark of where our little man had set himself down to rest, and there, alas! we found one of his little boots, with a sock in it, and from that point forward could trace the little footprints still, the mark of the boot and the mark of the wee naked toes now side by side. Some fifty yards or so, however, from where we found the boot there were signs of his having wandered from the road into the deep snow; there were signs of tramping there by other feet, and there all trace was lost. Not another footmark could we find beyond this point, nor any footmark that indicated that he had turned to go home again. It was clear that our little man had first wandered outside the gate, had been at once confused by the snow, and lost his way; had wandered on and on, further away from home (we fancied he was a poor little thing, crying, heartbroken), and had at last lain down overcome with cold, and—slept.

And all this while the poor mother was with us. But now at last by main force he, while the search was continued without us.

At every neighboring house our people called, hoping to gain some clue, but gaining none. At every house, as soon as it was known what the trouble was which sent these white faces from neighbor Gordon's to break in upon their happy Christmas eve, some stout-hearted fellow was ready to rise and join the searchers.

How wearisome was that search, and how eagerly conducted; or how much more wearisome the terrible waiting at home, to me, to Helen, and to the aged men who had with difficulty been kept at home, I need not tell. God forbid that I should ever again be witness to such agonizing distress as that of my poor sister! She sat and swayed herself to and fro, moaning 'low, and refused to be comforted. Then she left us, and by-and-by I found her kneeling at her bedside—better, I hoped, for the tears which had come, but little short of crazed with grief.

And so the two weary hours—seeming a whole night rather—wore away, and at last we heard our friends at the gate again, talking low, as if in consultation, and then we heard quiet "good-nights," and heard Kitty led slowly away, and heard the footstep of two or three coming into the kitchen, quietly and not speaking to each other. And we looked into each other's faces with dull, leaden eyes, and no one rose to go out and ask the news.

It was like a house into which death had entered with the unwanted silence and quiet. The very dog shared in the gloom, and allowed any one who liked to pass and re-pass without a bark or motion, as if it knew the house had lost its treasure, and that there was no need to keep watch and guard any more.

Then came in my husband and Edwin. The news was soon told. They had driven along the south road for about an hour, till they had overtaken a poor woman whom they questioned as to whom had passed her. It proved to be our poor Frenchwoman, and as Edwin talks French fluently, they soon learned from her that no one had passed her who could by any possibility know anything of the child. The poor creature had to stay and rest so often that she had made hardly any progress on her journey, and was already longing for any place where she could stay that night. She soon gathered from Edwin that the lost child was he whom she had fondled in the morning, and then she forgot her own care and eagerness to pursue her way, and begged to be taken back to help in the search. So they had brought her with them, and she was wandering about alone with a lantern, not content till she had looked for herself into all the places where we had all looked before her.

The sad summary of it all was that no one of all who had been searching, had gained the slightest trace of poor, lost Bertie.

CHAPTER III.

NARROW ESCAPE OF MADAME GUILLOT.

I hope the reader will never make one to sit in so sad a circle as that which gathered about the fire when the search was stayed. The big Christmas tree stood in its pride, decked with all its trappings of toys and presents and loving inscriptions. Tables groaned under the jolly Christmas cheer that waited for the oven.

You are not to suppose that search was abandoned. We were sitting only while we could decide what to do next. Not one of us but felt it would be more endurable to wander searching, even against hope, amongst the snow through all the livelong night, than to sit there nursing our own sad thoughts.

We might have sat in this way perhaps half an hour—all of us together except David and Frank, who were still with the Frenchwoman—when suddenly we were startled by a loud scream of fright, repeated two or three times, and each time checked, as it seemed, by force, and accompanied by a sharp, savage growl.

Rushing out to the door, whence the sound came, we found poor Madame Guillot (for this was her name) on her back, securely held down by Fury, whom David and Frank were trying to remove, without success. Fury's heavy paw was flung across her throat, and it was only when he raised it for an instant that Madame was able to scream. When she did scream, she was at once checked by the downcoming of the heavy paw, accompanied by a terrible growl and an admonitory shaking of her ample petticoats. Beyond her fright and her shaking the good woman was none the worse, and of these she seemed to think little, for the instant we had her on her feet, she broke from us and rushed again into the very jaws of Fury. The dog, however, was too many for her, and instantly had her on her back as before. But Helen had seen something new. There it was, indeed, the "little shoe"—the second red shoe, companion to the one found in the lane. It was lying just outside Fury's kennel, and the light fell full upon it from the lantern. In an instant Helen had in her hand, and found that not only was the missing shoe but that one of the missing

feet was inside it—namely, that one of missing legs was attached to the foot, and the whole of the rest of the missing body attached to the leg! By the leg, in fact, the missing Bertie was dragged out, covered with straw, busily rubbing his eyes with his little fists, and just waking up from a very sound sleep in which he had been indulging in Fury's apartment. Fury, seeing that he had lost his ward, at once liberated Madame Guillot of his own accord, and pushing his big nose in amongst us, began to assist Bertie to wake, by vigorously licking his face, till Helen, snatching him up, rushed with him into the house.

We, looking into the kennel, saw where he had made his little nest. It was in the corner, completely out of sight, and sheltered from the wind. He had nestled into the clean straw with which Fury is always well supplied, and then it was pretty clear that Fury had lain down beside him, if not upon him, and had cuddled him up as warmly as if he had been in his mother's arms. We understood now why the dog had refused to go out and search with us, and why he had barked so little all through the night.

It was not so easy to understand now the child had got back and got into the kennel, without leaving a trace of a returning footstep. And this mystery was not cleared up to us till next day. The explanation, however, was simple enough, and might as well be given at once. A schoolboy had met him, wandering away, and knowing him, had lifted him up and carried him home, had been afraid to pass the dog, and so had set him down to run in at the open kitchen door. Bertie instead of doing so had turned in at Fury's door, which happened to be nearest, and had instantly gone to sleep, while the school boy had posted off to a village some few miles away.

It was in some respects almost as touching to see the mother's joy as it had been to see her sorrow. For was not Bertie her one child and she a widow? and what more could I say to tell you that both joy and sorrow were keenest that can thrill this mortal body. Let me drop the veil.

Madame Guillot spent the Christmas day with us, and on the following morning we drove her down to Thornley station, and saw her off with a thorough ticket in her pocket to Dunstable.

Uncle Mose.

Old Uncle Mose of Galveston was not noticed near the polls on election day, consequently a colored striker was sent to hunt him up. He was found sitting by the fire, groaning dismally, in his cabin.

"Uncle Mose, has yer voted yet?" asked the colored rounder.

"No, chile, I wouldn't risk ketchin' my lungs for a dollar to de money in the world."

"Here's a dollar to pay for your time."

The old man secured the subsidy, remarking: "Ef you is coming' de bull-doze on teds old nigger for me?"

"It's waiting at de doah, Uncle Mose."

"Is yer gwine to bring me back after I've voted?"

"Bring you right back, Uncle Mose; hurry up now."

"Gimme a dram fash I starts?"

"Here it is," said the emissary, producing a flask. "Take a pull."

He pulled and asked:

"Gwine to gimme annudder pull when I've done voted?" and then he pulled again.

"Yes, take annudder pull right now. Don't be afeared ob it. Dar's plenty moan whar it come from."

So the old man pulled again and wanted to know:

"Hev yer got annudder dollar bill wid yer?"

"Look heah, ole man, you must 'low de campaign committee's made of money. Here's yer udder dollar. New jump in. De poolis is gwine ter close."

"Lor, chile, you makin' out you is a statesman, heah! heah! I've been toolin' yer. I done voted! I done ticked! only dis morning, heah! heah! heah!" and the old image settled down in front of the fire and nearly chuckled his head off.

Washington Irving on Mary of Scotland.

SUNNY SIDE, June 13, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: I am infinitely obliged to you for the copy of your life of "Mary Queen of Scots," which you have had the kindness to send me. I have read it with intense though painful interest. Indeed, when I had once commenced I could not lay down it until I had finished it, which I did late last evening. You have faithfully and conscientiously accomplished a generous undertaking, the vindication of the memory of one of the loveliest, but most unfortunate of woman who, after suffering every wrong and outrage while living, has been basely vilified in history. You have ably cleared up some of the dark points of her story, on which malignity had succeeded in casting a shade, and have shown her as worthy of love as of pity.

It is one of the special offices of our literature to call up before its fresh and unbiased tribunal the historical questions of the Old World: to rejudge its judgments and reverse decisions on which death and time had seemed to set a seal. Such an office you have honestly and impartially executed in regard to poor Mary and her persecutors, and I am mistaken if the world does not pronounce you a "righteous judge."

In the meantime I shall look with great interest for the volume of Mary's letters, etc., with which you promise to follow up the biography.

Very truly, my dear sir, your obliged friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

DONALD MCLEOD, Esq.

Fast Horses.

The standard trotter is one that can cover a mile in 2:30. It is said that less than 800 of all the horses raised and trained in the United States have this record. The number that can trot in 2:50 bear the ratio of one to 2,893 horses raised. As a business the breeding of fast horses is therefore very much of a lottery; and when we recall the fact that the high prices which famous colts have brought have rarely been received by the men who raised them, the prizes in breeding and training trotters are few and uncertain.—Scientific American.

The Story of Anna and Peter.

Anna and Peter were always in mischief. One day they climbed to the top of a high wall. It was a fairy wall, and it grew higher and higher, until at last it went so high that they got frightened, for they did not know how they should get down again. So they held tight by each other and the wall, and began to cry.

But no one heard them. For they were far away from home; besides, they were as high up in the air as the top of a mountain.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Anna.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Peter.

And their eyes were red and their faces quite wet and dirty.

"I shall fall, said Peter.

"I can't hold on much longer," said Anna. And then they both sobbed, "Oh! oh! oh!" again.

Then they heard a voice saying, "Oh! oh! oh!" after them. Only it was not any one crying, for the "Oh! oh! oh!" had a very sweet sound.

They could not look round, for they dared not move their heads, and they dared not look down for fear of becoming dizzy. But the voice seemed to get nearer and nearer. And so it was. For a fairy gate, with a tree beside it and a little bit of ground to stand upon, was shooting up into the air just as the wall had done.

And when it was as high as the wall it stopped, and Peter and Anna saw that a boy was leaning against the gate. He was playing on a pipe, and that made the sound they had heard.

"I will play you a tune," said the boy. And he played so softly and sweetly that Peter and Anna left off crying.

"How did you come up?" asked Anna.

"On the gate," said the boy.

"How are you going down," asked Peters.

"On the gate to be sure," said the boy. "I have only to say—

Gate, gate, let me go
Far down to the earth below"

And as he said the words, down he went.

"Let us also try," said Anna.

"Wall, wall, let us go
Far down to the earth below."

Then down went the wall to the ground, and Peter and Anna slid off, and stood staring at the boy who was still playing on his pipe.

"What do you want most," asked the boy: "My pipe will bring anything I ask for."

"A silk frock with a flounce and a sash, and a bonnet with blue ribbons," said Anna, who was fond of fine clothes.

"A pair of leather reins to play at horses with," said Peter.

The boy played a lively tune, and before Anna could say "ready" she found herself dressed in a fine new frock, whilst Peter had the reins in his hands, and a new suit of clothes with a great frill and a round hat.

Then the boy said "Good-bye," and Peter and Anna went towards home.

"I will go this way," said Peter.

"I will go that," said Anna.

So they parted.

Anna, as she walked along, heard little feet behind her; and when she reached the steps leading to her home she looked round, and what was her surprise when she saw a large mouse dressed like a lady, with a parasol in its hand.

"I am the Countess Mouse: Coming to your house, With you I'll stay Every day."

said the mouse.

Now Anna was afraid of mice, and she said, "But I don't want you; besides, we have a large cat that will eat you up."

"No, it will not; I am a fairy mouse, and can eat up the cat if I please."

Anna was much frightened: this was truly a dreadful mouse.

"Go away! oh, go away!" she said.

"No," answered the mouse; "as long as you wear my clothes I shall stay with you and take care of them."

"They are not yours," said Anna, "a boy with a pipe gave them to me."

"But he piped to me for them," said the mouse: "I am quite welcome to them; but I must see that you don't spoil them. I shall sit by you at dinner and play with you, and walk out with you, and sleep on your pillow at night."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Anna: "I wish I had never asked for a silk frock!"

"Shall I take them back?"

"Oh yes! oh yes! please, Countess Mouse. Take them all back to your house."

"Well, as you have made a rhyme, I will do so," said the mouse, and she slapped Anna's arm sharply with her parasol. Then Anna's new clothes fell off, and she found herself in her old cotton dress again. And the mouse grew larger and larger, and ran away to her castle with the silk frock and the grand bonnet.

Now whilst this was happening to Anna a queer-looking man in a peaked hat and a long overcoat said to Peter: "Shall I be your horse?"

"Yes," said Peter. And the man took the reins, and they went along merrily enough.

When they were close by his home, Peter said, "I am going in here."

But the man said—

"No, no, you are going with me; These are my reins, you cannot get free."

"They cannot be yours," said Peter; "a boy with a pipe gave them to me."

"Ah, but he got them from me! I am a saddler, and have hundreds of them. And I want some little boys to help me to make more."

"I don't want to go," said Peter.

But he could not loose the reins, and the man pulled him along faster and faster.

"Oh! oh! oh! I should be glad if these reins I hadn't had," said Peter.

"As you made a rhyme," said the man, "I'll take them back, and you can go home."

Then the man hit Peter sharply with one end of the reins, and his new suit fell off, and he found himself in his old pinafore.

Then Peter went home and told Anna what had happened to him; and Anna told Peter all about the mouse, and they both thought they had a lucky escape.

Just then the boy with the pipe came down the street. And the pipe played these words—

Keep out of mischief you never know
What may come to cause you woe;
What you may think is very good fun,
May give you trouble before you're done.

Fascination.

In 1859 (twenty-one years ago) I followed in the rocks of Avon, close paths park of Fontainebleau, the fairy by the Denoe court, when the approach of a storm induced me to leave the blue arrows, indicating the right path for a short cut. I soon lost my way, and found myself in a maze of brambles and rocks, when I was startled by seeing on my left hand, at a distance of about ten yards, a snake, whose body, lifted up from the ground at a height of about a yard, was swinging to and fro. I remained motionless, hesitating whether to advance or retreat, but soon perceived that the snake did not mind me, but kept on maintaining its swinging motion, and some plaintive shrieks attracted my attention to a greenfinch perched on a branch of a young pine overhanging the snake, with his feathers ruffled, following

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen; snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Lying low.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign;
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty—
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him from Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breath of milk;
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him from whom Angels
Fall down before;
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and Archangels,
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Thronged the air;
But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a Shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man,
I would do my part—
Yet what can I give Him?
Give my heart.

STRAWING HEMP SEEDS.

A Christmas Story.

"Coming next week?"
"Yes, Rosie, he'll be here for the New Year, if nothing happens."
Rosie tossed her yellow ringlets, and put up her red lips in a childish pout.
"I shall hate him, Aunt Eunice. I'm sure I shall. The simple fact that I am betrothed to him, willy nilly, would set my heart against him if he were a Prince among men."
"He is a Prince among men, my dear, and you'll be sure to like him," replied Aunt Eunice, quietly.
"I tell you I'm sure not to like him," insisted Rosie. "Poor papa made a great mistake; he should have left me free."
"It would have been wiser, perhaps; but your father had looked upon Ben as a son so many years, and felt sure of his making a good husband."
"An old poke twice my age," pouted Rosie.
"Oh, no, not quite so old as that. But wait until you have seen him. Never cross a bridge till you come to it. Rosie, Ben won't be here for a week yet. When he is here, and you have seen him, if you really dislike him I dare say he'll not compel you to become his wife."
"But I promised poor papa on his death-bed, too, and a promise to the dying is sacred."
"Pretty Rosie was no kith or kin to Aunt Eunice, only an adopted child, cherished and loved for her dead father's sake, and Ben was Aunt Eunice's only son, a Calcutta agent, who had not seen his native land for years, and who had last parted from his promised bride when she was a little miss in pinafores.
But after his old friend's death, and Rosie's promise to become his wife whenever he saw fit to come home and claim her, Ben had sent home a handsome ring, and Rosie wore it on her pretty finger. And now he was coming in a week.
"Don't fret, Rosie. Wait until Ben is here and you have seen him."
"Seeing him won't make me change my mind," retorted the willful girl. "I have him in my mind's eye now—a poky old foggy, just like Mr. Sykes, the parson. Oh, dear!"
"I trust the case will not be quite so bad as that, Rosie. But what are you going to do with all those hemp seeds, my dear—feed the pigeons?"
"Feed the pigeons, indeed!" cried Rosie, transferring the seeds to her pocket. "Why, Auntie, I'm going down to Hazel Hollow to try my fortune. All the girls are doing it. Jennie Burr strewed hemp one dark evening, a month or so ago, and the handsomest young man came following her, and now she's engaged to him."
Aunt Eunice laughed, and crossing the room, drew the girl's head to her breast and kissed her tenderly.
"You're a good child, Rosie, only a bit wayward, and I trust you may be very happy, dear, whether you ever marry Ben or not. There, run along, and strew your hemp seeds if you must, and hurry back to supper."
Rosie threw on her shawl and scarlet hood, and ran away, like the silly child she was.
The sun was quite down when she reached Hazel Hollow, and the shadows lay dark and thick in the wild glen. Rosie was not the bravest little woman in the world, and her heart gave a great throb of fear as she walked on under the whispering willows.
At the edge of the hollow she felt sorely tempted to turn round and run back to Aunt Eunice's cheery fireside, but a thought of Jenny Burr's success urged her on. She drew out a handful of the magic seed and strewed across the glen.
"Hemp seeds I strew, hemp seeds I sow; Let my true love follow me and now."
She repeated the charmed couplet in a little, quavering voice, strewing her seeds right and left. She was half across the gloomy Hollow before she could muster courage to look back.
When she did glance over her shoulder a sharp cry burst from her lips. Not far behind her came a tall, manly figure, with something which looked like a veritable scythe in his hand. Rosie shrieked, stared an instant and then sank down on the damp ground, scattering her precious seeds as she fell.
She awoke to consciousness some time after with a full moon shining in her eyes, and a pair of masculine arms supporting her head.
"Oh, where am I? What has happened?" she cried out in dismay, as she struggled to her feet.
"Nothing has happened," replied a

deep voice; "only you were strewing hemp, and I followed you."
Rosie ventured one wild glance. A handsome, bronzed, bearded face bent above her.
"Let me go home," she faltered, trembling like a frightened bird, "home to Aunt Eunice."
"As soon as you please, my dear Rosie; but don't forget you belong to me now. The fates willed it, you see."
"Oh, let me go home," cried Rosie, in sore fright.
"Come along; I will escort you to the gate."
And her strange companion drew her hand within his arm and led her along the moonlit path.
Rosie's heart beat so she could not get her breath. The instant they reached the gate, she broke away from him.
"What! you won't even stop to say good-bye? No matter, we shall soon meet again. You belong to me, remember. No man alive can ever take you from me; and in token of my claim you shall wear this."
A heavy gold chain flashed over her head, and a quaint, carved locket hung upon her bosom.
Through the gate, across the lawn, never pausing once to look back, went Rosie, sobbing like a child in her excitement.
Aunt Eunice stood on the steps of the old farm house awaiting her.
"Why, my dear, how long you have been! I was just on the point of starting to hunt you."
"Oh, Aunt Eunice!" cried the girl, rushing into her arms and beginning to sob outright. "I am frightened to death. Some one did follow me and speak to me, and, oh, look at this on my neck!"
Aunt Eunice led her into the old-fashioned sitting room, and by the light of the blazing wood fire she examined the locket that hung from the heavy chain.
"Well," she said, looking at the pictured face it contained, a merry twinkle lighting her eyes, "the face is a very nice one! There must be something in your hemp-sowing, after all, Rosie!"
"Oh, there is something, Aunt Eunice," panted Rosie. "Didn't I tell you that Jenny Burr's engaged to the man who followed her?"
"So you did, pet. Well, if it must be it can't be helped. You'll have to marry this handsome stranger, and let poor Ben and your promise go!"
Rosie flushed charmingly as she stole a glance at the pictured face, but the tears rose to her eyes.
"No, I could never do that," she said. "I could never break my promise to poor papa."
Rosie was in a flutter of intense excitement. On the Sunday morning following her adventure, when she took her accustomed place in Aunt Eunice's pew, who should she see sitting opposite but the original of her hemp-seed charm?
"Oh, Aunt Eunice, look, there he is!" gasped Rosie, her heart in her mouth.
"So I see, my dear," said the old lady, quietly; and, after service, when the stranger came up and introduced himself as Mr. Ambrose, she gave him a cordial invitation to accompany them home to dinner.
Home with them he went, and Rosie was like one in a dream.
"Was ever a man so handsome, so distinguished-looking, so noble?" she burst forth when he was gone. "Oh, Aunt Eunice, if poor papa had left me free!"
"Wait, my dear. When Ben gets home he'll see some way out of the trouble. Ben always was a clever boy."
And Rosie waited, and learned, in the mean time, that sweetest of all life's lessons, the lesson of first love.
It was Christmas Eve. The old sitting room was hung with holly and mistletoe, the wide fire-place piled with huge yule logs, and out in the great roomy kitchen Aunt Eunice was elbow deep in cakes and mince pies and plum puddings, making ready to give her son a substantial welcome.
"Poor Ben, he'll like my good things, I'm sure," she said, as she trimmed the crust of a pie. "He always was fond of something nice to eat, and he's been living on bird's nests and puppies and fried mice in the heathen country for so many years, he'll enjoy Christmas at home I know. Here, Rosie, child, run to the shed, and fetch your apron full of chips, this oven must be a leetle hotter. Hurry, do!"
Rosie hurried out, but a good half hour went by before she returned. At the garden gate she met her hero—her stranger lover—and Aunt Eunice and her oven were alike forgotten.
"Come here, Rosie," he called, "I want to speak to you."
Rosie went to his side with burning cheeks and downcast eyes.
"I've come to say good-bye, Rosie," he said, looking down upon her with tender, dark eyes. "I am going away for a little while. You'll not forget me while I'm gone, Rosie?"
Rosie made no answer.
"And you'll wear this for my sake? Let me put it on your finger, Rosie?"
But Rosie put aside the sparkling diamond.
"No, Mr. Ambrose, you can't put it on my finger."
"Why not, Rosie? I mean it for an engagement ring. I love you, Rosie, and you belong to me, you know, by virtue of the hemp-seed charm. Rosie, you care for me just a little, don't you?"
"I care for you a great deal, Mr. Ambrose; but I cannot wear your ring. You see that clumsy, old thing on my finger? Well, that and my promise bind me to another. Please go away!"
She broke down utterly, and began to sob like a child.
"But if you love me, Rosie—" began her lover.
"Whether I do or not, it is all the same. I tell you I'm pledged to another, and I'll break my heart sooner than I'll break my promise."
"Then good-bye, little Rosie!"
He kissed her hand and turned down the garden path. Rosie fled back to the kitchen, sobbing fit to break her heart.
"My dear, did you fetch the chips?" asked Aunt Eunice.
"Oh, Auntie, don't; my heart's broken. I wish I were dead!" cried Rosie, burying her face in the cushions of the corner arm-chair, and bursting into a very storm of weeping.
Aunt Eunice smiled with infinite content as she crimped her pie.

"Don't cry, Rosie. Wait till Ben gets here and see what he says!"
"But he's gone—Mr. Ambrose, I mean. He's gone, and I shall never see him again! Oh, dear, if I were dead!"
And all night long, while the Christmas stars rose and went down, she tossed upon her bed, that cry upon cry upon her lips—"I wish I were dead!"
At last the Christmas morning dawned, and from steeple to steeple rang that sweet old song, "Peace on earth, and good will toward men."
Aunt Eunice stole softly into the darkened chamber.
"Rosie, it is Christmas morning, and Ben has come. You'll get up and see him, my dear?"
She obeyed without a word, her young face white and sorrow-worn.
Aunt Eunice robed her in her pretty crimson dress with dainty laces at the throat and sleeves; then she brushed back the rippling yellow curls, and fastened them with a spray of hollyberries.
"Come now, Rosie, you must go and speak to Ben."
Aunt Eunice led her down the stairs and to the door of the old sitting room.
"Go and bid him welcome, dear," she said, unclosing the door, and pushing her gently within.
One startled glance one little gasping cry, and Rosie was in Ben's arms.
"Can you forgive me, Rosie?" he said, kissing her pouting lips. "I was obliged to deceive you, little one, or you never would have cared for me. You do care for me a little, Rosie; but I owe it all to the hemp seed."
"No, you don't, Ben," she answered with a shy, fond glance; "I'm sure I should have liked you all the same if I had never strewed hemp."
"Then you'll take the ring now for a Christmas gift, Rosie?"
She held up her dimpled finger. As he put it on, the bells clanged out again in honor of the Christmas morn.
"Peace on earth and good will toward men," said Aunt Eunice, softly, as she threw open the shutters to let the sunshine in.
"Ah! my children, let us be grateful for this blessed Christmas."
And Rosie, resting her bright head on Ben's arm, burst into a flood of happy tears.

Ideals

Lofty aims are better than low bred desire. High purposes create heroic deeds. Nobility of soul is not an accident of birth, but an expression of true manhood. In this life of endless toil and daily round, ideals play an important part. It is true they are the creatures of the brain, but they often index the heart and control individual action. The dream to be noble, generous and manly, fires the heart of the school boy and throws a witching romance over his expanding years. Life to him, as it rolls onward is to be filled with chivalrous deeds and crowned with noble triumphs. As he reads of the splendid achievements of men of renown, lofty ideals sweep through his brain and his soul stirs with active purpose to plant banners of glory when others waver then in grand victory. And who shall condemn these revellings of the fancy, or soarings of the will? Are they not better to cherish than base thoughts, selfish aims, and unholy imaginings? The former are far above the latter as the eagle, who soars in the face of the sun, or the cat that, with elfin wing, beats the air only when darkness setting.
As mountain summits reflect the glory opening day, so do high ideals image the divine creation in man. It is far better for the young man to put on the harness of life with open brow and sunny heart, than to go forth with suspicious tread and crawling, gait. To look out upon the world with vision clear and purpose noble, is more exalted than to gaze with prejudiced eyes and revengeful spirit. High places are won through heroic deeds, and crowns sparkle the brightest when worn as the fruit of manly courageous toil. Hereditary kings are not the only nobles. There are others of nobility higher. Goodness, gentleness, truth love mercy honor wove into the web of life according to the pattern of a lofty ideal, furnish a badge and in sign of royalty garner and truer than the orders that blaze on jeweled thrones. Work then according to the high pattern that is divinely stamped on the soul.—U. S. Economist.

Lacrosse.

In St. Nicholas we find an article describing lacrosse, the Indian pastime which has become the national game of Canada and which is every year becoming more popular. The magazine says: Lacrosse is played on a level, grassy field like a baseball ground. The things used in a game are a rubber ball, about eight inches in circumference, four light poles or flag-sticks, each about six feet long, and a bat or "crosse" for each player. The field for a boys' game should be about one hundred and thirty yards long, and about forty yards wide. The four poles are in pairs, and should have flags at the top in colors; two in blue, and two in white. The two poles of a pair are set up in the ground about six feet apart, the white flags at one end of the field and the blue at the other, the two "cosses" being about one hundred and twenty yards apart. These form the goals, and the players should wear some kind of cap or uniform in the same colors as the goals, say, half the players in white caps or shirts, and half in blue. The poles and flags can be made at home, the bats cost about one dollar each, and any good rubber sponge ball may be used.
The game is led by two captains selected from all the boys, and to decide disputes, there may be also two umpires. Each captain, beginning with the eldest, takes turns in selecting his team from all the boys, each choosing twelve, making twenty-six in the game. The two captains do not play, and have no bats; their duty is to start the game, to look after their sides, to watch the ball, and tell their own players what to do. The umpires merely look on from the edge of the field, one near each goal. The senior captain places his men in this order; first one in front of the opposite goal, second one a short distance in advance of him, a third still further in advance, and a fourth at the center of the field. At the home goal he also places one man, a few yards in advance of the flags. The remaining players are placed at the sides of the third and fourth boys. Then the other captain does the same thing, and the field is

filled by the twenty-four players in pairs, except two on each side. Thus, the two sides are distributed over the entire field. The rules of the game say there must be no kicking nor pulling to get at the ball, nor must it be once touched by the hands. The game is to start the ball from the center, and to throw it between the blue flags. Each side tries its best to defend its own color, and to get the ball into the enemy's goal. A player may prick the ball up on his crosse, or catch it on the fly, or the rebound, and he may, if he can, run with it on the crosse and throw it into the goal.

Captive Humming-Birds.

In the time of the Montezumas, humming-birds were tamed and kept in large conservatories. Doctor Zipperlein, of Cincinnati, tells of two humming-birds which strayed in May, a year ago, into the house of a lady in that city and were captured.
The lady, a friend of birds, resolved to try the experiment of domesticating the little creatures, although she was aware that such attempts ended usually in the death of the birds. She had no suitable cage so she selected a large candy jar, and fixed a perch inside. In the bottom she placed a bouquet of flowers, and covered the open end with gauze. The flowers were renewed every day. The convolvulus, tropeolum, honeysuckle, and other flowers with a long calyx were selected. A little honey was dropped into every blossom.
The birds began to sip the sweet food on the first day, humming about the flower cups, darting their tongues in and out among them swift as lightning. They also snatched at little insects and devoured them. After some weeks they were given some honey thinned with water, in a small dish. They sat upon their low perch and lapped the honey with their tongues, like a dog drinking water.
In a short time the birds were so tame that the gauze that confined them was removed, and they flew about the room while their glass palace was cleaned and furnished with fresh flowers and honey; but as soon as this operation was finished they flew into the glass again, and began eating the honey. If the lady took a nap after dinner, they perched themselves upon her forehead, and enjoyed their siesta there. They hummed about the room for hours, halting for rest upon the finger of their friend, and dressing their feathers. For a change they would fly again to the honey, but after a momentary taste away they would go, flying about their friend. Towards evening they sought their perch in their glass palace, and sang quick flute notes in the finest pianissimo. They occasionally snapped at small insects, but their chief food was honey, and later strong sugar-water, since the honey thinned with water often settled to the bottom of the dish. They thrived finely on the sugar-water, too. As the weather became warm in June, the gauze covering was entirely removed from their glass palace and the little creatures were given the range of the whole room, but their food was always placed in their old dwelling.
The tiny birds were not at all timorous, even at first; they did not flutter about anxious when their flowers were removed and fresh ones brought. Their eyes said plainly: "We know you are good to us." They thankfully appreciated the care of their protector, and, although they manifested no uneasiness when strangers were in the room, they could not be induced to perch upon anybody's finger but that of their tender keeper.
At the end of September one of them began to be ailing, and a few days after was found dead upon the floor. The other pined from hour to hour, and when the cooler nights at the end of October approached it too succumbed to the unfriendly climate and to its plainly manifested homesickness.

The Size of a Drop.

Mr. T. L. Talbot has made a series of experiments regarding the size of drops and their use in measuring medicines, etc. He finds that, liquids containing a small portion of water afford a small drop and visa versa. Gamelin's statement that the cohesion of liquids is pretty nearly in proportion to their specific gravity" is called in question, and the fact that alcohol and mercury afford nearly the same number of drops to the drachm certainly throws considerable doubt upon the matter. The size of drops is effected principally by the cohesion of the liquid and the form of lip over which the drop falls. Bottles with ground necks, wide, thin even lips give fair results, but are not so accurate as "droppers." The best of these will not, however, average at all well. The administration of powerful medicines should not be attempted by drops, and this mode of measurement is, in any case, inadmissible if quantity exceeds half a drachm. The largest drop is formed by syrup of gum arabic, forty-four to the drachm, and the smallest by chloroform 250 to the drachm. As a general rule tinctures, fluid extracts and essential oils yield a drop less than one-half the size of water, and acids and solutions give a drop but slightly smaller than water.—U. S. Journal of Chemistry.

A Dangerous Toy.

An English paper publishes the following caution, which may be of service to American parents: A number of toys imported to Paris from Furth, in Bavaria, have been seized by the police because of the brilliant colors with which they were painted were composed of poisonous materials. Young children carry almost everything which they hold in their hands to the mouth, and therefore, neither the coloring nor the substance of toys should ever be poisonous.
Toys of brilliant hues, elastic balls, colored and varnished, and leaden soldiers in uniform, of every variety, are among the seizures. The Furth manufacturers send their toys all over Germany, and Germany furnishes nearly all the cheap toys in England.
It is very probable that this country will not escape its share of the distribution, so parents should keep a sharp eye on the nursery, and see that sickness or death may not lurk in these means of childish amusement.
It is said that it requires \$250,000 a year to physic the United States army of 25,000 men—\$10 a head.

He Out-Flanked His Father
The other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his 12 year old son to follow him to the woodshed, and when they had arrived there he began; "Now, young man, you have been fighting again. How many times have I told you that it is disgraceful to fight?" "Oh, father, this wasn't about marbles or anything of the kind," replied the boy. "I can't help it. As a christian man it is my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat!" "But, father, the boy I was fighting called me names." "Can't help it. Calling names don't hurt any one. Off with that coat!" "He said I was the son of a wire-puller." "What! what's that?" "He said you was an office-hunter!" "What! what loofer dared make that assertion?" "It made me awful mad, but I didn't say anything. Then he called you a hireling." "Called me a hireling? Why, I'd like to get my hands on him!" puffed the old gent. "Yes, and he said you was a political lick-spittle!" "Lord o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old man as he hopped around. "I put up with that," continued the boy, "and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that, father, and so I sailed over the fence and licked him bald headed in less'n two minutes!" Thrash me if you must, father, but I can't stand it to hear you abused by one of the malignant opposition!" "My son," said the father, as he felt for half a dollar with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go out and buy yourself two pounds of candy. The bible says it is wrong to fight, but the bible must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk to you, and now you can put on your coat and run along."—Detroit Free Press.

MISCELLANEOUS

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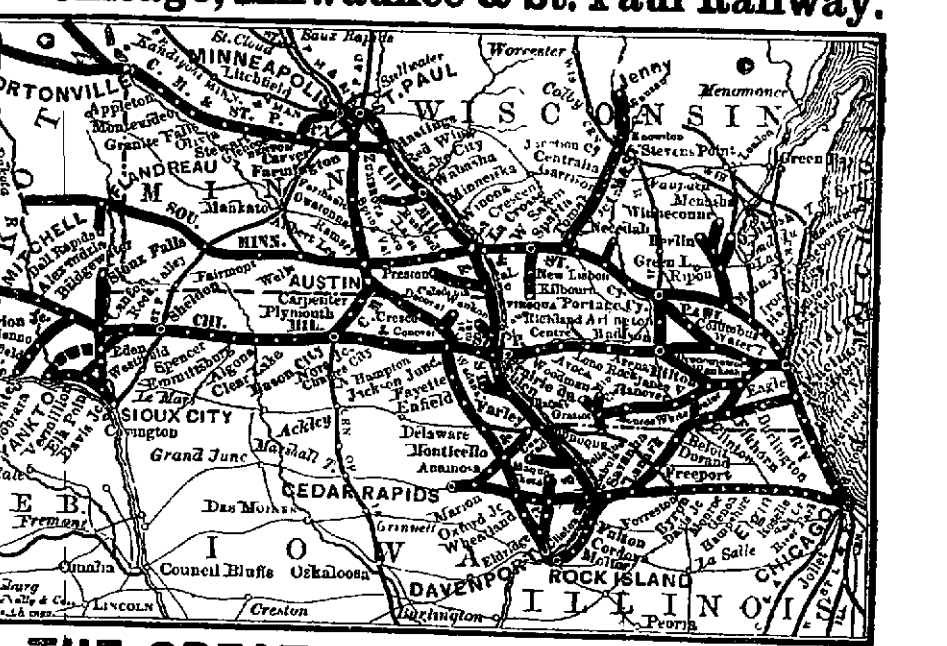
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THE BABE AT BETHLEHEM.

The night swept cool o'er Bethlehem's plain
And folded close the distant hills;
Alone the weary shepherds watched
While all their drowsy flocks were still;
Above, the silent stars moved on—
Each in its own majestic way—
Who dreamed the Son of Man had come
And in a Bethlehem manger lay?

No wondrous sign had filled the sky
When sank the flaming sun afar,
No ominous cloud with darkness came
To pale or hide the Eastern star;
No tumult filled the town or inn,
Where travelers tarried on their way,
Unconscious that the Son of God
So near them in a manger lay.

Along the surging streets of Rome,
Through all the Empire of the West,
Nor sign nor sound the hour made known
In which all nations should be blest,
That night! Imperial Caesar slept
On regal couch his cares away,
And dreamed not that the King of Kings
At Bethlehem in a manger lay.

Only where simple shepherds watched
In fields which Ruth of old did glean,
Was the wrapt song of angels heard,
The sudden, mystic glory seen,
And when the heavenly light had ceased,
The heavenly light had passed away,
The shepherds entered Bethlehem,
And found the place where Jesus lay.

No marvel that they spread abroad
The saying that to them was told—
"Lo, He has come!"—the Christ of God,
The Savior, promised them of old;
No marvel that, with prayer and praise,
Back to their flocks they took their way,
The shepherd of their souls had come—
At Bethlehem in a manger lay!

A HOLIDAY LESSON.

It was late of a chilly December afternoon. The leaden clouds hung low with their promise of a speedy snowstorm. Even now an occasional frozen drop struck against the window-pane, and each gust, as it swept through the streets of busy L., had the breath of the storm in it, and drove all pleasure-seekers rapidly toward home.

It even seemed to penetrate into the houses, for Lois Canfield was busy putting the finishing touches to the supper preparations on the long dining-table, with a frown as lowering as any storm-cloud.

"It's of no use talking, mother," she was saying to a quiet pleasant-looking lady, busy mending by the coal-stove.

"What is there to look forward to? Last year I made more than a hundred dollars' worth of presents, and now I've got just five dollars and seventy-five cents. Enough, though, I suppose, as long as we're only boarding-house keepers."

"I'm sure I'm very thankful for the boards to keep," said Mrs. Canfield. "O, I'm not complaining as long as it helps papa, but I'm not any more thankful to Lucy Waters for saying it," was the quick reply.

"Let me see," said her mother, "did not you give Lucy one of your presents last year?"

"I guess I did, one of my best—it cost twelve dollars. I shouldn't have been such a silly, but I heard her say that Jennie Fen always gave her the nicest things of any girl, and I was determined to outdo her for once."

"You gave Jennie something, too, didn't you?"

"O yes, I gave her that beautiful scene of Lake Como."

"And Mabel Joyce, what did you give her—something, I believe?"

"Yes, that instand modeled after a group from the antique; and I paid nine dollars for that Etruscan vase I gave Aunt Kate, and that was broken before New Year's. What a waste?"

"And were the others more necessary?" asked Mrs. Canfield.

"No, I heard Lucy said that only made the twenty-first and second vases that she owned; and I overheard Jennie say her room was so full of pictures already she did not know what to do unless she put some in the attic. It was scant thanks I gained in any case, and Lois looked up from the stool she had taken into her mother's face, with the glimmer of a smile breaking through the clouds.

Mrs. Canfield smiled also. Well, now, dear, as you have tried your plan of giving expensive luxuries and found no great satisfaction in it, suppose you try a new one, and use your small store this time in giving only useful things to those needing them, and see which gives the greater satisfaction."

"But mamma, it always seems as though at Christmas time one was a little justified in spending money extravagantly," argued Lois.

"And uselessly!" queried Mrs. Canfield.

"But are pretty things useless, then?" asked the girl.

"By no means, dear, though it is a question whether one element of true beauty must not also be utility: but one will not stop to go into metaphysics to-night, for, after all, every question in life centers in one point: What is my duty in this matter? Perhaps God saw we were not faithful stewards, and so took away our abundance. We know now what it is to be really in need of things. I believe I heard some complaints from you about cold feet before Aunt Maggie's ten-dollar gift enabled you to purchase new shoes, did not it?"

"I am afraid you did," answered Lois, slowly. Then she sat in quiet thought until the closing of the outer door told her that supper preparations must be hastened, when she rang up, and dropping a kiss softly on her mother's forehead that told how the words were working, went about her duties.

In the days that came close upon this one there were many hours of quiet thinking on the girl's part. She was trying to define the useful things and just where they should go, for until these last few months Lois' acquaintance with real needs had not been very great.

"Lois," said her mother, one day, "did you give cousin Agnes any presents last year?"

"No, mother. I am ashamed to say I didn't; but I knew you and papa did."

"Yes," said Mrs. Canfield, with a little sigh, "she will have to keep that in mind, for we have decided, papa and I, that so long as we have a debt unpaid it would not be just in us to make any presents this year, not even to you, Lois."

"Yes, mamma, you needn't mind me," answered Lois, bravely, "I've had enough."

"A day or two after, Lois called in at Cousin Agnes's, a small house where means were very limited and children were not at least below six.

"Dramas comes next week, tuzen,"

shouted little Max, catching hold of her dress.

"I guess it won't matter much to them, poor things," said his mamma, in an aside, "every cent does count so this year. An orange apiece will have to content them."

"I want a hobby-horse," said the youngster.

"Nonsense, you need shoes more; you'll soon be on the ground. The way they do walk out of their shoes is dreadful to contemplate."

"I want copper-toes, any way," put in Mary.

"You ought to have iron ones, Lois, if you will wait a minute I will walk as far as Field's with you. I must have a little Canton flannel for baby, and it is cheapest there. If you are not ashamed of my gloves," she added, drawing on an exceedingly frayed pair, "I am; but my kids are my light ones of last summer, and these are all my second best. I will hide them under my shawl! Nothing like necessity, dear, for a teacher!"

Lois listened, and on her mental tablets two items of shoes and gloves promptly found a place.

"Will it trouble you too much, Lois, to just call at my washwoman's, and tell her she need not come next week. The children will be at home, and with their help I must do it myself. It's just up Mintee lane."

Lois agreed, and walked on. At the number she inquired for Mrs. Tarish, and was directed to a rear basement. There she found a poorly-furnished room, two or three small children, and a discouraged-looking woman dressing one still younger.

"Mrs. White will not need you next week," said Lois, after speaking to all around.

"Won't! why not?" asked the woman, quickly.

"She thinks she must get along by herself," said Lois.

"The woman was silent, but Lois was sure there were tears under the down-cast lids. "Did you need it very much?" she ventured to ask.

"I had kind of set it by," said the woman, "to get my baby a few bits of clothes. All she has in the world is these on the chair. She's never had none 'cept some old rags of mine; I tore the best off for her; but it can't be helped, I suppose."

"Perhaps it will be; take heart, Mrs. Tarish, I'll certainly remember baby a little at Christmas," and she hurried away to consult others wiser than herself in that line of wardrobe.

Those were busy days that followed and very happy ones to Lois. She went out shopping in a new line, and was perfectly surprised to find how many more bundles five dollars would purchase when it was invested in calicoes and flannels and ten-cent toys, than when she went, as a year before, to the shops of art and the antiques.

And then on Christmas day, what a succession of pleasures, from the thanks of Cousin Agnes for her pretty trim street gloves, and of Mrs. Tarish for the plain, warm clothes for baby, to those of her own papa for an outside door-mat, the lack of which had been quite a trial to him, and her mamma for warm articles, for her's being quite too far gone for use.

"It has really been the happiest day of my life," said Lois that evening.

"And yet you have only had thanks for your presents," answered mamma.

"Indeed, I had forgotten that," said Lois, laughing. "I feel as rich as can be. I guess then, after all, real things of need and real thanks are what go together and give satisfaction. Any way, I am so satisfied that every year I live I'll try to practice on my new lesson.—N. Y. Witness.

Tom Ochiltree and Jem Mace.

It was some seven or eight years ago, just after the Coburn-Mace fiasco, and the latter was still in the city. As he was leaning against the bar a number of gentlemen and Tom Ochiltree were discussing politics and prize fights in another part of the room. Mace's wonderful expertness in the use of his hands came up, and some one offered to bet a basket of champagne that no man, unless a professional, could get in a blow on Mace's face. Ochiltree took the bet, and walked deliberately over to Mace and slapped his jaws. The astonished prize fighter looked at Tom for a moment and then lit out from the shoulder. A mass of red hair, a corpulent body, legs and boots all mingled in indescribable confusion, flew through the door and rolled out over the brick banquet into the street. While sympathetic bell boys and laughing friends were straightening Tom out and patching his fragments together, some of the gentlemen explained to Mace the circumstances of the bet.

"Oh! it was that way, was it? If I'd known it I wouldn't have cared," said he, "and I'm bloody glad now I didn't 'it 'im arder."

Tom thought it was a quite sufficiently "ard 'it." If the blow had struck him anywhere else but on the cheek it would have killed him.—Washington Capital.

The following public expression of gratitude was recently inserted by a Saxon farmer and his wife in the columns of a German newspaper: "Thanks, most heart-felt thanks, to all those who, upon hearing of our misfortune on Monday, Aug. 16, when a sudden flash of lightning felled our two cows and she-calf to the earth, and at once rushed to our assistance. Thanks most especially to the master butchers, Messrs. Thomas, Reichel and Fischer, who kindly slaughtered the dying animals on the spot, thus preserving us from the cruel loss of finding the ill-fated beasts unfit for human consumption. Thanks, finally, too, to those who speedily came from far and near, and brought up the meat with such avidity that by 5 in the afternoon there was not a scrap left. May heaven mercifully protect them and us all against any similar terror and calamity in future, and bless them a thousandfold for the truly extraordinary sympathy they have shown us."

C. DRESELER AND WIFE.
Kundersdorf, Aug. 18, 1880.

A BRUNT little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy pitched upon him. "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Stockings in the kitchen, hung up in a row;
Santa Claus has filled them—yes, from top to toe;
Purple, gold and crimson, paint the falling snow
On Christmas Day, so early in the morning.

Earnest little whispers from the cosy bed;
Bare little footsteps pattering overhead;
Down the stairs they wander to the sweet music well—
On Christmas Day, so early in the morning.

Dolls and drums and trumpets, what a sight to see!
Whips and tops and tea sets—one for you and me—
Blossoming in the corner, such a Christmas tree—
On Christmas Day, so early in the morning.

Wee, soft, fairy footsteps outside in the hall,
Then the words of baby musically fall—
"Going to kiss my papa, first one of them all!"
On Christmas Day, so early in the morning.

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY AUNT ADDIE.

Bertha and Ella, two little girls seven and nine years old, with their big brothers, Frank and Jimmy, left their home in the city one snowy, December day, and started for the country, where their papa had bought a farm, which was very near their grandma's house.

When the cars stopped at the depot, they all went out on the platform, and there, waiting for them, stood their own dear grandpa, with their three little cousins, Lily, Mamie and Georgie, and their big cousins Lou and Bertie.

After a great deal of hugging and kissing and such a lot of questions as only little boys and girls know how to ask, they all climbed into a bob-sled, which Ella thought was the queerest carriage she ever saw, and started for their grandpa's house, where they were going to stay until their own was ready for them.

For the next two days the little people were very busy. Mamie, Lily and Georgie had such treasures to display as made their little cousin's eyes sparkle with delight. First they all went to the barn yard to look at the cattle, and very wonderful did the great lazy-looking cows seem to Ella, while the flock of sheep were Bertha's great delight, and she decided that she would like to have one for her very own, to pet and take care of; so her grandpa said she might have her choice of any sheep he owned.

To the great amusement of the family Bertha chose the oldest and ugliest sheep in the flock, a great, fat, lazy fellow with dirty brown wool, sprinkled all over with black spots. The whole of his face was black except the very tip of his nose and one eyebrow, which would have been white if it had not been so very dirty.

"Why, Bertha," said cousin Lou, "why don't you take that pretty, little, white lamb, the one standing over there by its mother?"

"No, indeed," said Bertha, "do you think I would take that little baby lamb away from its mamma, besides it is such a pretty little thing everybody will be good to it; but my old Spotty (for so she had named her sheep) is so old and ugly that no one will like him or be kind to him, and I am just going to put a red ribbon round his neck and wash his face, and get brother Jimmy to make him a nice house, and then I guess he will be glad."

Grandpa thought Bertha was a very tender-hearted little girl, and then he told Ella she might take her choice of any animal on the farm for her pet.

After looking all over for some time she saw a flock of geese, and she thought she would like to have one for a pet; her grandpa told her she could have a pair of them.

Ella thanked her grandpa, and started towards the two she had decided to take; but Mr. Gander and Mrs. Goose thought they ought to be consulted in the matter a little, and prepared to defend themselves.

Mr. Gander spread his wings and rushed toward Ella while Mrs. Goose followed, flapping her wings and making a great noise; cousin Bertie ran to the rescue, and Ella came back to grandpa saying:

"Nasty, ugly things! I guess I won't have a goose for my pet; I think I'll have some nice little chickens;" and so it was finally settled that Bertha should have a sheep and Ella a white hen and a very pompous, proud old rooster. You can believe the little girls were proud enough of their pets.

The next day it snowed part of the time, and rained the rest, but Bertha and Ella were determined to visit the school in which their cousin Lou was teaching, and so, taking grandpa's big umbrella, they started out, followed by Frank and Jimmy, who were going over to visit their new home.

The wind had blown the snow in the corners of the rail fences and made little drifts, which the children thought fine fun to wade through, and so laughing, running and sometimes stumbling they came to the top of a small hill, when Ella proposed to Bertha to spread the umbrella behind them and let the wind blow against it and so help them along. The plan succeeded very well until they were about half way down the hill when an extra hard gust of wind took them right off of the ground and spread them out in the snow, little noses downward, and then very kindly struck the umbrella up over them, making a nice little house.

As soon as Bertha and Ella could get out of their house and get the snow out of their eyes and ears they decided that any further help in getting down the hill was not needed.

After a few more tumbles the children reached the school house, where Cousin Lou met them at the door; she thought by the shouting and laughing that a tribe of Indians had come to visit her.

The next day was the one before Christmas, and all the little folks were busy getting their Christmas presents ready.

Grandma had a secret all her own, and not tell after supper did any one find it out; then the large folding doors between the sitting-room and parlor were opened and there, in the center of the room, stood a large Christmas tree, beautifully trimmed from top to bottom with lovely, white popped-corn and cranberries strung on strings and looped over the dark, green boughs of the tree. There were horns of plenty, made of white birch bark, and filled with hickory nuts, butternuts, beechnuts, and apples.

On the lower limbs of the tree hung five bright, new sleds, marked with the names, Bertha, Ella, Mamie, Lily, Georgie; while on the topmost branches of the tree hung four dollies beautifully dressed by the nimble fingers of cousin Lou; there were skates for Bertie, Jimmy, Frank and Georgie, besides presents for every member of the family, until it really seemed as if the tree could not hold another thing.

But at last, amid exclamations of delight from the children, the crowning glory of the Christmas tree was discovered—grandma's crullers—which were cut into all sorts of fanciful shapes. One was a very ugly looking school-ma'am, with a terrible big nose, which they all declared should be given to Cousin Lou, there were dolls, cats, and little boys and girls, and when grandma brought to light the ugliest sheep that ever was seen, with ears and tail so long that it looked almost as much like a mule as a sheep, the laugh that arose almost took the roof off, and Ella said the sheep must be given to Bertha.

But grandma was not through yet, and with a comical twinkle in her bright, black eyes, she took down a wire, on one end of which was strung a flock of geese, with their necks stretched out and their wings widespread, while on the other end of the wire was a little girl, who looked as though she was running for dear life; this was more than the boys could stand, and so they just gave three rousing cheers for grandma and her Christmas tree.—Young Folks Rural.

A Sailor's Christmas Dinner.

"What do you do on Christmas Day on board of a ship at sea?" said a World reporter to an old salt, yesterday.

"What do we do?" said the mariner; "why we don't do anything and that's where the day is different from other days. It's all the same as a Sunday, you see, and after we gits washed down in the mornin' we just lays off and does nothin' 'cept make and take in sail. Then we has plum-duff for dinner, and if the old man [is all right] we gits our grub on Christmas night,—that's about all. I mind one Christmas, though, when I got a feed that I'll never forget if I live a thousand years. The way of it were: I was comin' home in the ship Mount Vernon, with Capt. Bill Absams, and we'd got about to the latitude of forty degrees, or thereabouts, when one night we hauled the jib down, and some of the hands went out to stow it. It's a mighty nasty sail to stow in a breeze of wind, unless you keep her off, which they never would do in that ship, and one of the chaps by some means lost his hold and went overboard. The helm was put down at once, and when her head got to the eastward we got a boat down, and me and three other chaps got into her and pulled off, lookin' for our shipmate. We didn't find him, and that weren't all,—we lost the ship; and arter pullin' about for an hour or two we give it up and let her lay till daylight. When that come, there we was in an open boat in the middle of the ocean, and not a sail in sight anywhere. It aint no use tryin' to tell you of our sufferin's for the next week, cause I can't do it. One of us died on the sixth day, and on the seventh another chap in the course of the night got crazy and jumped overboard, and on the eighth day me and Bill Murray, was left alone in the boat. Me and him had been chawin' away on our sea boots for the past few days, but both of us felt that we must have somethin' more nourishin', or we'd croak, sartain. Some how or other I got kind of scared at Bill, and he were the same of me, and we each took a end of the boot, and kep' our knives in our hand."

"Tom," says he at last, "these are hard lines."

"You're right," says I, "they are."

"If it's got to be done," says he, "let's do it fair, and draw for it."

"Good enough," says I, and with that he unlays the end of the boat's painter and cuts off two yards of different lengths and holds his hand out for me to come and choose, sayin' "the longest man wins."

"I creeped forward as well as I could, for I were blessed weak, and I drew'd the longest yarn. That day were Christmas, sir, and that day I had a feed. Two days arter that I were picked up by the ship Nonpareil, and what were left to Bill were holed overboard. If you'd like to stand somethin', sir, I think I could do it now, cause I always feels melancholy when I think of Bill."

It is interesting to man people and may be profitable to know the comparative value of different kinds of wood for fuel. Shellbark hickory is regarded as the highest standard of our forest trees, and calling that 100, other trees will compare with it for fuel value as follows: Shellbark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 92; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple-tree, 70; red oak, 67; white beech, 65; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestnut, 52; yellow poplar, 54; butternut and white birch, 48; white pine, 30. It is worth bearing in mind that in wood of the same species there is a great difference, according to the soil in which they grow. A tree that grows on a wet, low, rich ground will be less solid and less durable for fuel, and therefore of less value than a tree of the same kind that grows on dry and poor soil. To the ordinary purchaser oak is oak and pine is pine; but for house use the tree grown on dry upland, and standing apart from all others, is worth a great deal more!

Fast Thinking.
One man thinks faster than another man for reasons as purely physical as those which give to one man a faster gut than that of another. Those who move quickly are apt to think quickly, the whole nervous system performing its process with rapidity.

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The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.
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Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastefully furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. \$2717

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This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, rail-road men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 67
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The house is centrally located, and recently enlarged, refitted and refurnished. Opposite the railroad depot. Prices reasonable.

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Paints, Oils, Glass, Glue, Putty
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Light, Strong, Durable—Teeth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Rakes Clean, Send for Descriptive List.

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Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Shin—Solid Steel.

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20 Cent Cards (perfect beauties) with 20 extra 10c Outfit, 10c TURNER OAK CO. Oakland, Mass.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

CRIPS

Left After Hewing Out the Solid Columns of Reading Matter.

Happy New Year.
First blizzard of the season this week. Trains running on regular time again. Enoch Arden at Raymond's Hall to night. Charley Williams will tell you all about it at the Minnehaha.

No one froze to death in the recent cold snap, so far as heard from.

The postoffice will be closed on New Years from 11 a. m. till 4 p. m.

The infant child of J. P. McNally died Wednesday and was buried yesterday.

If you want a good evening's entertainment go to Raymond's Hall to night.

Peter Gallaher and Bridget Peoples were married last week at the residence of Mayot Peoples.

Busley Burgess and Jennie Grady were married last Saturday by Rev. Father Keenan. Both are worthy a long and happy life.

John Sweeney, of the Standing Rock mail line, was badly frozen on Monday. No serious consequences, however, will follow.

The Coulson line is out with a circular stating that the first boat to leave Yankton in 1881 will be April 5th, from Bismarck April 12th.

Company "D," 7th Cavalry, give their annual ball at Fort Yates on the 13th of January. Preparations have been made for a glorious time.

The Bishop has ordered Father Banning to remain at Bismarck for the present. A telegram from twenty five leading Catholics requested this.

The Pioneer Press publishes a rumor that instructions have been given for important changes at Standing Rock—probably a new commandant of the post.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Bismarck, D. T., Thursday evening, Dec 30th, by Rev. J. M. Bull, Geo. F. Westfall to Miss L. E. Woodbury.

The officers elect of Mandan. Lodge L. O. O. F. are Wm. Van Kuster, N. G.; Valentine Shreck, V. G.; Wm. Baehr, Secretary, and Wm. A. Bentley, Treasurer. Installation next Tuesday evening.

Morris Kain let daylight through a fellow at Glendive last week. The shooting was in self defense. The person killed was a Mr. Ingraham. Three balls were put through him.

Mr. W. H. Hurd, formerly of the Sheridan House, this city, but now of the Dakota House, Jamestown, gave an elegant dinner Christmas. The bills of fare were beauties and the tables were elegantly ornamented with all sorts of good things.

The Christmas tree exercises at the Presbyterian church were largely attended. The presents were selected with unusual care, and were very appropriate. It was one of the most enjoyable and successful affairs of the kind ever had in Bismarck.

The officers elect of the Encampment Golden Rule No. 4, will be installed at Odd Fellows Hall on the 2d Friday in January. They are as follows: Wm. A. Bentley, C. P.; Louis Heckler, H. P.; Chas. T. Brien, S. W.; Geo. F. Miller, J. W.; Wm. Von Kuster, Secretary, and Valentine Shreck, Treasurer.

PURELY PERSONAL

Johnny Leasure is visiting St. Paul.

J. F. Wallace leaves for Yankton next Tuesday.

Capt. J. Beach went east to Fargo Friday morning.

F. L. Greene started for Fort Hayes, Kansas, Friday.

Father Stephan came in on last night's train from Fargo.

John A. Stoyell returned from the U. S. court at Fargo Thursday evening.

Tommy Mahar, of Mandan, visited his many friends in this city last week.

E. Schiffer, the merchant tailor, arrived by the delayed train Thursday night.

Harry McBratney, of Mandan, partook of the Sheridan Christmas dinner, Saturday.

Lieut. Alex Ogle, 17th Infantry, was among the passengers from Fargo Thursday.

Gen. W. P. Carlin returned from Fargo Thursday, and left the following day for Fort Yates.

Hope S. Davis and Chas. Young will embark in the drug business at Glendive early next spring.

John A. McLean arrived from St. Paul last night. He came without his wife, fearing a blockade.

Mrs. F. D. Bolles left this morning to spend the remainder of the winter with her family at Cormorant, Minn.

Capt. J. W. Raymond is now in Jacksonville, Fla., revelling in the luxury of tropical fruits, digging bananas and picking pine apples.

J. H. Stephan, Indian agent at Standing Rock, was two weeks in attendance at the Fargo court, and leaves this city tomorrow for his post.

J. S. Winston, of Fort Stevenson, and W. B. Shaw, of Fort Berthold, came in Sunday from above, took in the sights of the city, and left for home again yesterday.

H. S. Parkins, G. L. Van Solen, Ed Donahue, Joe Savitts, J. L. Roberts and James Shields, who have been attending Fargo in connection with the Standing Rock case, returned by Thursday's train.

W. C. Davie, who objects to being called the merchant prince of Mandan, was in the city this week. Mr. Davie has the hotel at Mandan landing, boarding the dyke constructionists, and between it and his store at Mandan is getting rich.

The American Agriculturist. A club for this popular farmers' magazine is being formed at the postoffice.

Orange Judd, the publisher, recently visited this region and since then has paid much attention to this country. The Agriculturist is a magazine that ought to be in the hands of every intelligent farmer and in every family where a desire exists

to beautify home or its surroundings. Price \$1.50 per annum. It is published in German as well as in English at the same price.

Breyer's Combination. This combination arrived last night and produced Uncle Tom's Cabin. To night Enoch Arden will be played. Mr. Breyer has an enviable reputation as a comedian and his wife (Miss Nellie Drury) is a lady also of some considerable renown. "Baby" Breyer is also one of the attractions and is as cute as can be. Her acting is simply phenomenal. To night is the last night and no one should miss seeing the play. "Baby" Breyer appears as the little ragged newsboy.

Stall Fed Beef. A car load of stall fed beef and mutton at T. W. Griffin's; also a large amount of

poultry. Fine fat turkeys; spring chickens, tame geese and ducks, corn fed pork and a large invoice of black tail deer and antelope from the Bad Lands.

Public Schools. The public schools will commence on the second Monday in January.

Christmas Dinner. The dinner given at the Sheridan House Christmas reflected great credit on the management and especially Mr. Emerson, who never fails to make these events worthy of note. It is doubtful if a more elaborate bill was given at any hotel in the country. Great care was exercised in the selection of game, and the superior serving of the dinner only substantiated the already well-founded belief that the people on the frontier live as well as those of Saratoga or Long Branch.

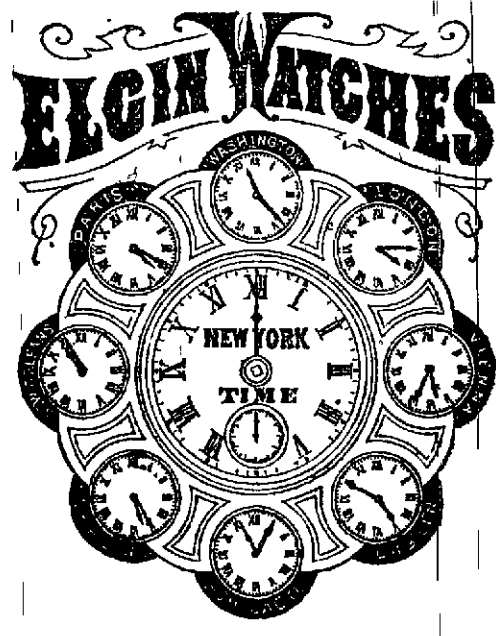
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W. A. Hollembaek's,
No. 70 Main Street.

HOLIDAY GOODS.



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Great Excitement!
On Lot No. 16, and Block No. 52,
NO. 28, MAIN STREET.

Gold of the most curious designs is being taken out in large quantities daily. People wishing to see those Gold designs such as

Gold Cases, Pins, Rings, Buttons, Studs, Ladies' and Gents' Chains, Ladies' Neck Chains, Sets, Charms, etc., Call at

H. H. DAY'S.

Most complete stock of jewelry in the northwest.

DRY GOODS.

CLOSING OF A

YEAR OF PROSPERITY

During the past year my sales have been

LARGELY IN EXCESS

Of any previous year in my business experience. Appreciating the kindness of my vast circle of friends, I propose to inaugurate

THE YEAR 1881

By offering from the commencement bargains; in other words,

Give the People a Benefit

That will be appreciated and remembered a lifetime. My stock, bear in mind,

IS NOT THE LEAVINGS OF A YEAR'S BUSINESS,

But will embrace new goods on every train for the next two weeks. Remember that I will duplicate any price which may be given to you from eastern houses, besides saving you time and expressage.

You may think this is Strange,

But purchasing my goods from the best houses in the United States, and paying prompt cash enables me to come before you with these propositions of which you can only be convinced by calling and examining my stock.

DAN EISENBERG,

Next door to Postoffice, in Raymond's Brick Block.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Having just returned from the east with this stock, I will guarantee that no finer can be found in any store in the northwest. Call and examine it and you will not be disappointed.

And examine his Fine Display of

Go to WATSON'S

CLOTHING.

FOR AN ELEGANT HOLIDAY PRESENT

There is no place in the City by which more satisfaction can be given than by

SIG HANAUER,

The Popular

CLOTHING MAN.

My Counters and Shelves are packed with the nobbiest goods of the season, just received for the Holidays.

Men's Suits and Overcoats

to satisfy the most fastidious taste in assortment and prices.

White, Cheviot, Flannel and Dress Shirts.

UNDERWEAR from 75cts. to \$7.50 a suit.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS

In an endless variety from 50cts to \$2.00.

Suspenders, Silk and Wristlets, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises.

A suitable and useful present for Boys can be found in our CLOSING OUT SALE AT COST of

Boy's Clothing.

I NEVER OVERRATE ANYTHING, but sell Goods on HONEST PRINCIPLES. Come one and all for your Holiday Goods to

SIG HANAUER.

IMPERFECT PAGE